

THE CANADIAN FORUM



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No. 6

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PARLIAMENT has been in session at Ottawa for several dreary weeks. Time was when the press and public of Canada were keenly concerned about the proceedings of the House of Commons and followed the debates with expectancy. To-day the daily press hardly notices the speeches. The public, too, is cynical or apathetic. The trouble is not that Canadians have ceased to take an interest in their country's destiny. They have lost faith in the sincerity of their representatives. Something of the attitude of Mr. J. H. Burnham is needed to restore that faith. Mr. Burnham was elected first as a Conservative, and then in 1917 as a supporter of the Union Government. He took the election statements made by responsible unionists seriously. When the war was won, when demobilization was complete, when the name as well as the purpose of the Union Government had ceased to exist, Mr. Burnham decided that he could not properly hold his seat. He resigned, as a protest against the continuance of the government without a mandate. Running as an independent candidate he was opposed by candidates selected by all four of the groups which have risen from the ashes of our two-party system. He conducted a remarkable campaign. He had no organization and held no meetings, simply giving the people the opportunity of expressing their choice free from influence so far as he was concerned. With a modesty infrequent, if not unique, among the public men of to-day, he refused even to vote for himself. He failed of re-election, though polling a good vote. It is quite possible that under a system of transferable voting, the only fair system in such a field, Mr. Burnham's courageous conduct might have been endorsed. At any rate he can walk the streets of Peterborough conscious that he has done something to vindicate the spirit of representative government.

FARMERS in Ontario have set their minds on the extension of facilities for rural credit. Criticism is being offered by the banks and the position is taken that on the one hand the present financial

institutions afford the capable farmer the credit he needs and on the other hand the state should hesitate to pledge its credit for the financing of any industry. The farmers employ three main arguments in supporting their claim. They point to the inconvenience and uncertainty connected with the renewal of notes at the end of the regular three months' term. Their view is that the farmer who needs credit for seasonal operations of from six to twelve months is not regarded as favourably by the banks, who are required to keep their assets liquid, as are merchants and others who can conduct their business on 60-day to 90-day paper. Again it is contended that the manager of the branch bank, generally urban in outlook and frequently changing his place, is less likely to appreciate the claims of a farmer than would a committee consisting largely of his neighbours, who would be the arbiters under a system of state-aided rural credit societies. As a result of these conditions the banks are not being freely used by farmers needing credit, and the loans made to farmers by the banks form a mere fraction of the deposits made by farmers in the banks. Thus in effect, it is held, the banks are employing rural capital to build up urban industry. The third claim is that the cost of money when borrowed is excessive, that a spread of from three to five per cent. between the deposit rate and the loan rate is unjustifiable. The question raised by the bills before the Ontario Legislature would appear to be whether amendments to the Bank Act would meet the case, and whether a spontaneous and unaided co-operation system has not advantages over one which asks for state aid and may prove a charge on the public purse.

THE University of Toronto Library has recently been the recipient of a most interesting and public-spirited gift. Professor John Squair, who lately retired after many years of service from the chair of French language and literature in the University of Toronto has given to the Library a Dominion War Bond, the proceeds of which are to be

used to build up a special collection in the Library of French-Canadian literature. It is hoped by Professor Squair that his gift will, on the one hand, bring English-speaking Canadians to realize more fully the many excellent qualities which French-Canadian literature possesses, and, on the other hand, persuade French-speaking Canadians that the Province of Quebec is not so ignored and neglected in other parts of Canada as they are, perhaps, inclined to think. With similar collections already in process at the Toronto Public Library and at Victoria College we may expect to hear less in future of the *patois* legend. Indeed it would seem that already the light has begun to penetrate the orange-tinted mists which rise from the marshes of Toronto Bay. A few months ago the parents of children attending one of its public schools petitioned the School Board to have French introduced as a subject of study in their school. More recently the Hon. A. David accepted a dinner invitation from the School Men's Club of Toronto and upheld the Educational System of the Province of Quebec before a keen and enthusiastic audience of some two hundred teachers. The quiet efforts of men like Professor Squair, aided by the inevitable revulsion from bigotry, are beginning to have effect.

CLERUS ANGLICANUS STUPOR MUNDI. Fearful lest we may become complacent, in these piping days of peace, the Dean of St. Paul's has been at it again. He has been lecturing at Epsom on the doom of the white workingman and is quoted to the following effect: "The ratio of wages to output all over the East gives the native manufacturers an enormous advantage over American and European industry. Economically the Asiatic is greatly superior to the European. The coloured races will outwork and underlive and thus eventually exterminate the white." We can recall only one prominent pessimist who can fairly claim to have rivalled Dr. Inge. "Missus," shouted the fat boy to the old lady, "I wants to make your flesh creep!") There must be many who read not without amusement Dr. Inge's pronouncements: who have seen the "far more efficient labour" of the continent of Asia using tools as simple as the shovel with less effect than any western navvy. There must be many more who have watched the persistent and continued agitation of "native capitalists" in Asia, for protection against the competition of workers in Lancashire and elsewhere, whose wages are notoriously high. There must even be some who justify the labour legislation (such as it is) of Europe and America, on the ground of its "survival value." Clergymen, like cobblers, win respect by sticking to their trade. Bad political economy is not a substitute for the gospel; and that, we believe, the Dean of St. Paul's has really studied.

ARECENT report from England shows that we may expect a continuation of the traditional difference of opinion about Indian affairs. The difference is itself a product of habit and experience: one party is composed of the people who are accustomed to issue commands and secure obedience from subordinates; the other party has been trained in a democratic school of politics and naturally regards persuasion as a better instrument than force. India, during the last twenty years, has been the outstanding example of conflict between these two attitudes; what is progress and reform to one type can only be regarded by the other as loss of prestige and disintegration. General Dyer recently announced that the followers of Mr. Gandhi are "the personified forces of all evil," and concluded in the following manner: "With confidence I say that the time will come to India very shortly when the strong hand will be exerted against the malicious perverters of good order." To this every sensible man will give unqualified support; the important point is to decide who are the malicious perverters. If we may judge the tree by its fruits, General Dyer is not the person to decide the point; further, since General Dyer's importance is chiefly due to the fact that he is a type, we may conclude that the type in question is not what we require to help us to a correct decision.

IT is true, as General Dyer says, that the agitators are few in number; the great mass of people knows nothing about political agitation. If so, General Dyer's action at Amritsar (his chief claim to public attention) was neither war nor politics. His tactics were directed wrongly and he succeeded in executing those whom he now acquits. At the same time he committed the fatal error of making martyrs. Any one who has read the report of the last Congress meeting will remember how the "Martyrs of Amritsar" figured even in the temperate speech of the President. In short, the British Raj, of which the General speaks, is at present hampered by two things more than all others—Amritsar and General Dyer. Apart from the masses, whom he discounts, and the agitators, whom he has not really touched, there is a third class whom the General is incapable of remembering—the loyal and remarkably statesmanlike group of native reformers to whom in the end we must look for salvation. They are the key to the situation because, not being foreigners, they are not regarded as natural enemies and, not being fanatics, they do not intend to sacrifice national prosperity for the sake of apparent revenge. Those who are the really important leaders can make little headway against passions fomented by the actions or the words of General Dyer. They cannot wholeheartedly defend as impartial and generous a Government which neither repents nor recompenses. A public repudia-

tion of the acts, persons, and sentiments now destined to fester in the public mind as the "Amritsar tragedy" would enormously assist the British Government in India and satisfy the sentiments of British citizens everywhere: it would also strengthen the hands of those in India who understand and can still control the "agitators." Control there must be, and the leaders in Indian politics are willing to accept both control and direction, but the spirit of General Dyer's threats they cannot accept as the real spirit of British diplomacy; nor need they.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA came to Canada, contrary to the expectations raised in one of our recent editorials. We understand that it is to be staged again in New York after a half-success at Greenwich Village earlier in the year. It will also tour in Australia and possibly be given—in French—in Paris. Meanwhile the Hammersmith performances have run without interruption into their fourth hundred, thus bidding fair to rival *Mary Rose* and—who knows?—*Chu Chin Chow*. During the week in Toronto the piece gained steadily in popularity and if it should return it would doubtless be heard once more by at least ninety per cent. of those who have already felt its gusto and by many others who missed the chance. Enjoyment of the piece was tempered here and there by a certain mental reservation in respect of Macheath's babies and the propriety of their appearance on the stage. For ourselves we thought they provided the one sobering spectacle of the evening, the only point of contact between a burst of high spirits and our own lugubrious civilization. We wish that the country might be inoculated with these high spirits so that the philosophy of cakes and ale which has kept ancient nations young might save us from hardened arteries in our early youth. For we are in grave danger of making our world altogether too unlike that of *The Beggar's Opera*, and the day may come when we shall take as our national emblem, not the beaver or the merry maple leaf, but the front elevation of a pre-occupied cow drinking water out of a trough.

AFTER less than a century of uninterrupted publication *The Athenaeum* has now ceased to exist as an independent journal. It was until yesterday a standard weekly organ of literary opinion, academic but not reactionary. When the war came it carried on as a sociological monthly and then returned to its former traditions as a literary weekly under the editorship of Mr. Middleton Murry, who has come to the fore in London as a constructive critic of literature and art. Under his guidance *The Athenaeum* had a character entirely its own among London periodicals. It was up-to-date

without being self-conscious, intellectual without being patronizing. Those who believe in aesthetic criticism as a civilizing force should turn up *The Athenaeum's* review of the now famous *Reynard the Fox* and survey from thence the ground upon which *The Athenaeum* stood. *The Athenaeum* now joins forces with *The Nation* as *The Nation and The Athenaeum*. We think the union an exceedingly propitious one, though we regret the partial disappearance of a historic journal of high traditions. There is a genuine affinity between these two papers which makes their union something more than a business deal. Given good fortune without which nothing can be counted on, they may produce between them an organ of opinion which will play a big part in the difficult years that are ahead of us. We wish them success and Canadian readers.

A correspondent writes:—

For some weeks occasional bulletins have been appearing in the English newspapers of the condition of Prince Kropotkin. He was said to be living near Moscow. News came a fortnight ago that he had died and obituary notices appeared also in the English newspapers. The report has now been contradicted although the extreme difficulty of obtaining reliable news from Russia renders certainty in the subject impossible at the present time. The figure of Prince Kropotkin must go down in history as one of the most pathetic figures of our time. He sacrificed for an idea not merely a great position but even the most ordinary comforts of life, and he maintained a singular purity of conduct and absolute single mindedness of purpose for more than forty years, living in exile and frequently, in spite of his industry, in the most frugal circumstances. He idealized the Russian people and imagined that the day of the Revolution would be the dawn of a new and great epoch for Russia. He lived to see these illusions dispelled, to see the forces of the Revolution mastered and controlled by a group for whom he entertained and could not but entertain the most profound aversion—a group which trampled beneath its feet the whole structure of Russian life, ruining not only the cultivated society of Russia but the peasantry and the proletariat, and destroying civilization after the manner of the Scythian hordes which swept over Eastern Europe in earlier ages. Kropotkin never contemplated the possibility of this thing. He was so great a believer in spontaneous organization and in mutual good will that he overlooked the possibility of a dictatorship of inferior minds and the holocaust of organized life.

While the main interest of Kropotkin's life was the problem of society, he gave promise of becoming one of the most original men of science of his time. He was, even in his youth, recognized as the author of a wholly new view of the orography of Asia. Later his knowledge of the natural sciences suggested the series of articles which he wrote for the *Nineteenth Century* under the general title of "Recent Science," while he made many important contributions to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. His friend, Robertson Smith, did his best without success to induce Kropotkin to allow himself to be nominated for a new chair in Geography in the University of Cambridge which had been projected on his account. Alike for intellectual gifts of a very high order and for a moral elevation still higher, Kropotkin must be regarded as belonging to the first rank among men of genius of the past century.

THE PROBLEM OF THE COMMONWEALTH

THE exact nature and scope of the discussions that are to take place in London in June seem still to be in doubt. A few months ago it was announced that the special conference on imperial constitutional reform that was to have met this year had been indefinitely postponed, and that a meeting of Prime Ministers to discuss imperial defence would take place instead. Whether this meeting will, notwithstanding its limited object, be prepared also to consider the constitutional issue has not been stated, though how it will be able to avoid doing so, particularly in view of the British government's recent decision to reorganize the Colonial Office, is difficult to understand. For if the old fictions of imperial relationship that now centre in the Colonial Office are to be swept away within the next few months, the task of devising a substitute or, at any rate, of proposing one, will almost certainly fall upon this conference.

It seems likely, then, that the meeting in June, whether or not it conforms exactly to precedent, will prove to be not merely an ordinary imperial conference but a most momentous one. It may even be the last; for it is by no means certain that these spasmodic meetings will survive any thorough reorganization of the imperial system. At first glance this possibility is not a very disquieting one. Disagreeable associations are the most difficult to banish from the mind; and the truth is that the associations that in the course of years have gathered round the imperial conferences are, for many Canadians, distinctly unpleasant ones. The political tourists crowding into London for the season, lavish entertainment not untinted with patronage, the fountain of honour playing copiously and often indiscriminately,—these are the less edifying incidents of an imperial conference. But after all, they are only trappings; beneath the tustian and the ceremonial there lies an institution that has served for over half a century as the effective instrument of British imperial development. It is true that some of the parts may be worn, that some of the processes may be unnecessarily clumsy; but before we condemn the imperial conference (and the whole elastic system of imperial relation that it implies) as the least inspired of the many expedients in government that have been evolved by the British peoples, we should remember that the substitutes advocated by those who seek to create some more permanent central authority may not only reveal many of the repellent features of the present system, but may, probably will, lack the remarkable suppleness that made it so effective.

The initiative in imperial reform comes to-day, as it has usually come in the past, primarily from

London. It is, of course, grotesquely misleading to picture, as some people are fond of doing, a number of frock-coated Machiavellis seated around a table in Whitehall piecing together a scheme for depriving the dominions of their cherished rights. What we may be sure is happening, though, is that already a number of extremely well-informed men in England, and a number of somewhat less well-informed men in Australia are engaged in discussing imperial problems and in formulating plans and policies that may come before the conference in June. It is time that our government made a move in the same direction, for obviously the projects of Englishmen or Australians may or may not be acceptable to Canadians, and our representatives will, if they count upon confronting with a simple *non possumus* a situation that will in all probability demand a constructive proposal, find themselves handicapped just to the extent to which they are unprepared.

It may be however, that in the seclusion of some departmental office at Ottawa a Canadian programme is even now being evolved. If this is the case, the government should lose no time in taking the country into its confidence, for the country will want some reassurance before it will be satisfied to allow the present government to engage in a discussion that may involve imperial decisions of a momentous nature. And with this aspect of the question is involved the personal factor. Assuming that the government remains in power (and this applies also to England) its representatives will be men who have already seen the handwriting on the wall; they will be men who know that their political days are numbered. What effect this will have upon them—whether it will make them rash or make them prudent—will depend upon their personalities. As far as we in Canada are concerned there is little use in speculating upon this point at the present time. Of Mr. Meighen's views on the imperial question we know next to nothing; and the names of those who will accompany him—for that he will not go alone, in spite of the nature of the meeting, is almost certain—are hardly likely to be divulged until the last moment. Already, however, we know who England's chief representative will be, and the knowledge is not reassuring. For one thing, it is safe to assume that it will take more than a sense of imminent political doom to make Mr. Winston Churchill prudent, and for another, our previous experience of his attitude on imperial questions is disquieting. Although it is said that under the new arrangement Mr. Churchill's attention will be occupied mainly with the East and with the mandates, he more than anyone else will be responsible for the imperial policy of the British

government next June. Under his inspiration that policy will certainly be an energetic one, probably a militarist one, and perhaps a centralizing one.

It is hardly likely, of course, even if the constitutional issue is raised, that any of the more direct schemes of imperial federation will be laid before the conference. The war gave the final stroke to the old-fashioned idea of imperial federation; the familiar catchwords have lost their power to charm, and even the Round Table groups with their earnest discussions and their ingenuous programmes have most of them dissolved. Sir Robert Borden's motion that no change can be considered that involves the slightest diminution of local authority still stands upon the minutes of the last conference, and obviously not even Mr. Curtis's scheme for a British Commonwealth can be brought within the limits of that formula. The sort of proposals that may be expected will more likely lie in that vaguer, less formal sphere of executive action to which the exigencies of war administration have accustomed the politicians of all countries.

But if there is not much danger of any attempt at formal centralization, there is a real danger that some effort will be made to bind the dominions in their choice of foreign policy in such a way as to interfere with their position as members of the League of Nations. It is even possible that the League itself may be advanced as an argument to support some such arrangement. If so many of the nations of the world have consented to surrender a portion of their sovereign powers to a central authority, why should not the component parts of the empire do likewise? Such an argument would be quite fallacious. The League purports to be—and some day we hope, will be—a universal organization, and it is only as such that it can help to accomplish its main purpose of preventing war. The British Empire is not, and never can be, universal; and the more unified it becomes the more likely is it to be regarded by foreigners, not as an instrument of peace, but as a potential instrument of war. Already the representation accorded to the British Empire in the League of Nations has provided its enemies with a weapon of criticism, which, in helping to keep America out of the League, has gravely retarded its growth. Canadians believe sincerely that such a criticism is purely factitious. Yet obviously it would constitute a very real and valid criticism if the British Empire bound itself in any way to adopt a common policy in world affairs.

On one aspect of foreign policy the most determined attempt at a definite coordination may be expected to come not so much from English imperialists (their design will be a broader one) as from Australian politicians who on the political side would be inclined to oppose any constitutional change. This problem (which is to some extent ours also) is a Pacific problem. A few weeks ago *The Times*, speaking of

Australia's determination to preserve the continent for the white race, warned its readers that if there was any doubt that Great Britain would be ready in case of need to support Australia on this issue with all her strength, "then we may say farewell not only to Australia but to other dominions, for New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada all hold to the same faith with equal determination." The problem is a difficult one, and the facts must, of course, be faced; but they need not be faced in a bellicose and provocative spirit. When *The Times* speaks of "the war having changed the map of the Pacific to Australia's disadvantage by giving to a possible enemy plentiful ports within three days sail of her coast line", it only makes it more difficult to reach for the future an accommodation such as has never proved impossible in the past. By all means let us try to define a policy, but let it if possible be a policy that will pacify and not exasperate.

The question of an imperial foreign policy, of which no mention has been made in the official announcements, will, in fact, largely determine any arrangement that may be reached with regard to imperial defence—the subject with which, it is stated, the conference will be primarily concerned. Here, obviously, some changes must be contemplated; and yet if there is one question in which the familiar methods should furnish the basis for future development, surely it is this one of defence. In the years preceding the war, Canada secured, not without difficulty, almost complete control of her military preparations; while throughout the war it was the Canadian parliament that decided the size and nature of her contributions. But even this does not mark the limits of her authority; for, towards the end of the war, our Parliament, through its overseas minister and his staff, secured what it had not possessed at the beginning, a virtually complete control of army administration. It is true that for convenience and economy the machinery of the British administrative system was in many cases still utilized, but the ultimate decision, the final discretion in administrative questions, rested, and eventually was recognized as resting, with the Canadian authorities. The principle laid down in 1917 was that Canadian troops, even though serving with the British Forces, remained subject to Canadian law and Canadian regulations, that the Army Act applied to them only by virtue of the section in the Militia Act that made it applicable, and that Imperial regulations affected them only when approved by the Canadian authorities. In practice, of course, the majority of these regulations were approved, but the instances in which they were modified or even rejected were still numerous. The doctrine known to writers on private international law as that of extra-territoriality applied, and was recognized by the British government as applying to Canadian troops. Of course in the sphere of

actual operations and of strategy, a compromise was inevitable, but even here the position of the Canadian Corps and its commander was materially different from that of any other British formation except, possibly, the Australian Corps. Nobody to-day will deny that the arrangement was an effective one. Indeed it is difficult to believe that any change can be contemplated that might in the future involve a return to the earlier system.

A statement of the government's attitude not only on this vital question but on the others as well should not be withheld upon the pretext that only the question of defence is to be discussed; for there can be little doubt that the meeting in June will deal also with foreign policy and constitutional reform. Nor is it sufficient for the government to state, as it did the other day through Mr. Doherty, that no binding decisions will be taken; that has always been assumed in negotiations of this nature. What the country looks for is a definite and general statement of policy. Only fanatics will seek to obstruct any reasonable arrangements for coordination. If a programme of defence can be devised that, while leaving to the dominions full control of preparation and administration, will provide for strategical coordination where two or more have agreed to co-operate, no sensible person will object to it; if an agreement can be reached with regard to the Pacific that will not involve an aggressive foreign policy, that, too, will be welcome; while, on the constitutional side, the appointment of a member of the Canadian cabinet in London with power to communicate direct with the British government would probably be regarded as an improvement upon the cumbersome system of the Colonial Office. Anything, however, that commits this country to a definite military programme, anything that tends to impair the principle of autonomy or interfere with freedom within the League of Nations will arouse determined opposition. Within these limits there should be ample room for reasonable agreement. The time is not propitious for any radical move, least of all a move towards centralization. In the past we have, in imperial matters, waited upon events rather than anticipated them; the inglorious policy of drift has served us well; to abandon it now would be to ignore the experience and the achievements of half a century.

E. H. BLAKE.

Gentlemen of the Press

DURING the War the censorship, the official communiqués, and the prepared information circulated by Governments created among the people who make the Press a strange habit of believing without criticism statements emanating from authority.

Reporters, all over the world, although devoted to Truth and Right (we were accustomed to the priesthood of the press—the *sacerdocio della stampa*), found themselves altogether unprepared for the emergencies of the times. New countries, new flags, new heroes, new problems every day for the paper: who could judge them, who could understand them, in the few hours allowed to write a story for the next issue? They found themselves unable, and trusted to people of supposedly higher education than the gentlemen of the Press.

These lay people who went to the help of the Press were the technicians of the affairs of the world, former ambassadors, attachés, ex-ministers, etc.,—never did so many confidential revelations appear, in the form of memories, reports, letters from that class, as from 1916 till now; and we have learned that besides being often incompetent, these people seldom bothered to know very much about the real conditions of the country where they lived and danced as strangers. With a few exceptions, they knew only the diplomats of the other Embassies and only met a few gentlemen of the same type as themselves in the different capitals of Europe. Reports like those of the Venetian Ambassadors of the 15th and 16th centuries or those of the Nuntius of the Pope, letters like those of the Spanish Ambassadors at the Court of Elizabeth, are not to be found in the archives, from those dancers and diplomats of the last twenty years. And these were the people that had been asked for counsel by their Governments, and that created opinion in the Press.

Among other laymen that interfered with the Press were the scholars. Events were so important that Professors, Philosophers, Essayists, etc., who never before dreamed of going into this business, became reporters or interpreted reports in reviews and magazines. Though they are methodical and strict in dealing with the past, we find them most passionate and partial when discussing the history of their own time. We had, for instance, that terrible manifesto of the German Professors excusing Germany for smashing Belgium.¹ Governments were compelled to

¹ We have any amount of examples of misleading information given in the past by scholars and learned men. We mention only *The Twelve Caesars* of Suetonius, *The Secret History* of Procopius, Certain Addenda of the *Liber Pontificalis*, etc., etc.

The other day was passing through Canada a Russian scholar of international reputation, a member of one of the academic bodies of Petrograd, the President of which was a most illustrious (sic.) Archduchess, to whom our Scholar has dedicated one of his scientific works. The said scholar, on his way through Canada, made a statement which was published in our newspapers, that the children of the schools in Russia had become cannibals and are eating each other. This is suspicious, because anybody who has the slightest knowledge of cannibalism knows that the human body has a very poor flavour; in fact, the Indians of the British Columbia Coast and Islands prepare to eat corpses, conveniently dried, for the religious rites, and this seems to be the case with all the *bonafide* cannibals of the world that they eat human bodies

sacrifice on one day idols presented to the admiration of the multitude the day before; the plans for the future being different. Scholars were generally passionate, with opposite views, one against another. The gentlemen of the Press were bewildered, the best of those "Priests of the Truth" lost their heads, and they decided to follow the wind of the day.

For example: Who of them were capable of giving a clear opinion about the need for preserving the Old Kingdom of Montenegro? Who could swear whether the old King was a rascal or hero? For some well informed observers the King was a paid tool, a creature worse than his own dramas. For others, he was a pure King Shepherd, a picturesque, noble Chief, and faithful to the Allies. Who in the world could decide about Kerensky? At one time he was the greatest hope of Europe, a new Napoleon, a driving force, a man full of ideals, and at the same time practical, active, capable, learned, well prepared. Suddenly he became little more than a poor student, who, favored by circumstances, became a despot, treating the Romanoff family with contempt, deporting them to Siberia, marrying at the Winter Palace a little dancer from the Imperial Opera, living in the Czar's rooms, physically frail and consumptive, and with no personal following at all.

But perhaps the most curious example of these reverses of opinion was that of Essad Pasha. He was a general in the Turkish Army, and when the tables were turned in the favour of the Allies, he became the tool of Italy at Albania. He was lauded up to the skies by everybody except his own people. He was in Paris last summer treating with the French Government, when he was shot dead by one of his Co-Nationals. Light is thrown on the character of Essad Pasha by the verdict of the French jury which tried the assassin. It acquitted him and practically congratulated him for ridding the world of such a knave.

The governments themselves made blunders in their judgments, such as would not have been tolerated in any business but that of governing the peoples of the earth. The citizens are the true shareholders of any public enterprise. What would have been said at a meeting of any limited corporation if the management had made such losses as those acknowledged in connection with the Government of Kolchak, the Murmansk expedition, the acknowledgement of Wrangel?² The incompetence, the lack of informa-

only when performing certain religious rites. Of course, Robinson Crusoe believed differently, and so does our Russian Scholar. There are certain cases as the Count Ugolino and the people of the *La Medusa* shipwreck, where people ate each other owing to pangs of starvation, but we have no scientific reports about the latter. The children in Russia will be the first, and this gives more interest to the statement.

² Very often attempts have been made to find the cause of the failure of the counter-attacks against the people who actually rule in Russia. Certainly, it does not depend on the strength of

tion, the loss was evident, and showed in the balance of affairs. What a poor security was Venizelos, dropping one morning from millions to ten thousand votes! And on the strength of this security large pieces of Bulgaria, as much in Macedonia as in Thrace, were given to Greece as a stronghold against the so-called barbarian Slavs of the Balkans.

If the Governments, who should have the best of information, make such bad judgments, how can better criticism be expected from the gentlemen of the Press?

Here is another example of unreliable information about actual conditions in Russia. For some people, Lenin is simply a saint, clapping hands and laughing with gruesome face at the idea of his own sanctity. Gorki has called him "a man of flame, with the holy madness of the saints". On the other hand, for a lot of other people, Lenin is one of the beasts of Revelations. For them he fulfills the prophecies, and is a sign of the times before the Second Coming.

This in America. In Europe the Press is suffering from Russian refugees who crowd the capitals. The Russian Bolsheviks have what is called a "bad press". Most of the liberal and some of the socialist papers find it convenient to pay some refugee. They help him by putting him in charge of the section dealing with Russia. It would be foolish to wait for impartial information through such channels. The strangers and neutrals who go over to Russia bring very scanty news. A few facts are quite beyond doubt—the misery of the great cities, the lack of the staple articles, the romantic and paradoxical measures of the Government. But no traveller has yet seen sulphur smoking around Lenin, or sparks of fire flashing out of Trotsky. The tendency to consider them not as devils but as political criminals is a step towards recognition.

Sinn Fein on the other hand seems to get exceptionally good treatment in the newspapers abroad. Ireland is full of foreign correspondents, who when the war was over went to Cork and Dublin to look for more excitement. The European bourgeoisie gets more information every morning at breakfast about Ireland, than the citizens of England and the Do-

the Moscovite Armies because a group of French officers handling the demoralized army in Poland last Summer was capable of turning the rout into a victory. The cause of the failure of the Kolchak and other armies was supposed to be one of two things (1) lack of help of the Allies or (2) the band of public Officials of the old regime who were following the armies and trying to bring about a restoration of the old administration in the re-conquered territories; but if the public and the Governments had been properly informed, they would know that the cause of the non-success was the lack of faith and character on the attacking side. The Russian Nitchevo is the one to blame and nothing else. See Rivet, *La Russie de Wrangel*, *Revue de Genève*, No. 7. About Korniloff's last Campaign see: *La Russie en Feu. Revue des Deux Mondes* 1918, and N. Rakovski, *Les Dernières Heures de Denikine*.

minions.³ The poets and artists at the head of the so-called Irish Republic are masters in furnishing sensations, and recording brilliant and amusing deeds for foreign correspondents. Two legends of Ireland are reflected in the Press; the British, which is rather optimistic, and the foreign, which considers Ireland a great example of a martyred nation. The truth must lie between them, but it does not appear in print.

The press should be more impartial and sincere than ever,—Truth and nothing but the Truth. Sometimes misleading information will reach it. Where Governments have been misinformed so often, reporters are not infallible—like ambassadors, they can make mistakes. But they should be very cautious in their interpretation of facts, and in accepting and propagating judgments. It is a terrible arm that the newspapers wield and they should use it very carefully. There is no possible excuse for headlines not in accord with the text below. The public has been served so long with misleading and interested foreign information that it is becoming skeptical of what it reads. Men are ceasing to believe—large numbers have already ceased to believe—the news that is daily found for their consumption. Not only the method but the medium of propaganda has come to be mistrusted.

J. PIJOAN.

The New Position of Women in American Industry.

A QUESTION which has been asked ever since the signing of the armistice and which has become more insistent during the present period of unemployment is: What is to be the position of woman in industry? Is she to continue to fill the position which she filled during the war and compete with men in semi-skilled and skilled trades, or is she to go back to her pre-war status, which meant that for the most part she was an unskilled, low-paid, short-time worker? Light is thrown on this question by a recent bulletin¹ issued by the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labour. The report contains statistics of the employment of women in the manufacturing and mechanical departments of all the principal peace and war-time industries for the period from 1914 to August 1919. These were collected from nearly 9,000 firms, employing over 3,000,000 wage earners.

The two most interesting results of the entry of women into industry shown by this survey, are the

³ It is impossible to quote the whole or any part of the literature published in the daily newspapers about Ireland, in France, Switzerland, Italy or Spain. See only the two last rockets in the *Revue de Paris* 1st and 15th December, 1920.

¹ *The New Position of Women in American Industry.* Washington, August 1920. 158 pp. Bulletin of the Women's Bureau, No. 12, U.S. Department of Labour.

extent to which they entered and succeeded in skilled trades and the large numbers of women who continued to be employed nine months after the armistice.

During the war the drift was away from the older occupations in which women had been accustomed to be employed in textile mills, clothing shops and candy factories, into industries which received a great stimulus from the war in metals, chemical work and wood-working. Before 1914 over 75% of all women workers in manufacturing industries were employed in 5 industries: textiles, personal apparel, food products, tobacco products, hand and footwear. In the course of the war this situation was completely altered. After the second draft² the steel plants covered by the survey gained 16,000 women, while the spinning, weaving and knitting mills lost over 10,000 women. According to the Census of Manufactures of 1914 the 16 plants engaged in the manufacture of airplanes and airplane parts employed 211 wage earners of whom 1 was a woman. After the second draft 40 plants engaged exclusively in making airplanes and airplane parts employed 26,470 wage earners of whom 6,108 were women, an increase of from slightly over .4% to 23%.

But women might enter all the industries from Greenland to Cape Horn and yet no real advance in the position of women in industry be marked. The point is, what did they do when they got there? If they merely went in to do the dirty-work requiring neither skill nor experience, then the war simply meant that an increased number of women gained experience in factory work and added to the comfort of their families during the emergency period. On the other hand, if the war was the cause of women being employed on work requiring skill and judgment, not only will it be seen that a definite advance was marked in the status of women in industry, but its immediate effect upon the status of women in professional life and therefore of men in the professions will be recognized.

Two instances of women's work in skilled occupations are representative of the findings of the survey. These are work with the lathe in the metal industries and work in chemical plants. In the metal industries 37,683 women were substituted for men in the 278 firms included in the survey. Nine months after the armistice the force of women employed in the four leading war agent and implement industries had dropped to 43.3% of their pre-armistice numbers. This drop is, however, not to be attributed entirely to a discharge or withdrawal of women, but partly to a sharp falling off in the war implement trade, because at the same time the number of men dropped to 61.5% of their pre-armistice force. But in spite

² The period referred to as "after the second draft" is during October and November, 1918, four to five months after the first drawing of the second draft.

of this drop in the latter part of the period, the number of women employed in war implement industries rose from 65 to 100 per 1,000 wage earners during the entire period from 1914 to August 1919. This increase in numbers was accompanied by a definite increase in skill. Before the war women were employed in metal factories but chiefly in work of a purely mechanical nature such as stamping, punching and drilling, where the machine was set for the process. During the war women came to be employed on essential processes in machine shop and tool-room. They learned to read and interpret blue-prints, and to understand and adjust the machines with which they were working. Their success with the lathe is a proof of their ability to handle other machines. For success in operating the lathe requires knowledge of how to set up and adjust the machine and ability and judgment in the working of it which few other machines require. Ninety-one firms employed women on lathes in men's places and 83 made reports of their work. Of these, ten firms reported that women had been failures and 57 reported their work as good as or better than that of men, while more than half the firms reporting kept women as lathe operators after the signing of the armistice. Of the value of this experience the report states: "their success in lathe operation is of greater value to their ultimate success as machinists than their success at any other machine. For the lathe is the parent machine; from it have grown the many special machines designed to turn out work faster and more accurately than the lathe can. When its principles of operation are thoroughly mastered, the principles of other cutting machines can be easily learned."³

The experience of women in chemical work was somewhat more restricted. The need for chemists had grown so acute by June 1918 that a campaign was organized, backed by the Chemical Service Section of the Army, to secure 1,600 trained women chemists for important chemical plants, to take the place of drafted men. Before definite results were shown from this campaign, the armistice had been signed, and most women chemists during the war did not get beyond routine analysis work. Other investigations have shown that women with the necessary training in chemistry were not available in anything like the required number.

The general conclusions of this report are in accordance with similar reports of the war-time work of women in England and France. In all three countries women did skilled work during the war, and the chief reason that larger numbers were not engaged in it was the lack of trained women available. It was a difficult matter to train women in a few months for work whose usual apprenticeship period was four or five years. In England this difficulty was over-

come in many cases by simplifying skilled processes so that they could be done by an unskilled worker. This was not necessary to the same extent in the United States, particularly as the government, benefiting by the experience of other countries, made a point of exempting skilled men in war industries. So that while there was not the same necessity for simplification there were still many places open to women with ability.

The report lays some stress on the importance of training women for mechanical occupations. This had not been encouraged by either private or public institutions previous to the war, and during the war such training was provided principally by the employing firms. The policy of organized labour was to discourage apprentice work for women in skilled occupations. The final conclusion of the report is: "The success attending the emergency employment of women in occupations requiring a high degree of skill and the expansion of commercial trade, has resulted in the retention of women in most of these crafts and industries since the close of the war and bids fair to encourage a larger use of woman labour in the future."⁴

In spite of such an encouraging conclusion, however, the opposition of trade unions (probably stronger in England and France than in America), and the present unemployment situation are bound to have an effect on the employment of women in skilled occupations. If so far the number of women attaining to skilled occupations has not been great, yet these few have been the pioneers. They have given to popular opinion (including the opinion of the women wage-earners themselves) its conception of women in industry. And women's work in industry may always be said to have made just as much progress as popular opinion supposes, because the real bar to women's progress at the present time is popular opinion.

ELSINORE MACPHERSON.

⁴ p. 35.

The Editors are always glad to receive Articles, Literary Sketches, Verses, etc., but regret that they are, at present, unable to pay contributors.

The Business Manager will be pleased to send sample copies of this number to persons whose names and addresses are forwarded by *bona-fide* subscribers. Complaints have been received from subscribers whose copies were lost in the mails. All such should at once notify the Postal Authorities. It is now impossible to supply back numbers earlier than January.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA

THE proper way to approach Australia for the first time is to pass through the famous "Heads" which guard the entrance to Sydney harbour. It was a brilliant mid-winter morning in June when we steamed into the harbour and passed through the Australian fleet which was lying there at anchor in honour of the Prince of Wales. With its irregular shores, backed by well timbered hills, its rugged promontories and sandy bays (long since invaded by the suburbs of the city) Sydney harbour deserves every word of the unstinted praise which the visitor is expected to bestow on it. Divorced from the natural beauties of its situation, Sydney itself is a very ordinary city. Its narrow, dusty, tortuous streets (the main street follows the exact course of the old bullock track), its docks and warehouses, its pretentious public buildings and cosmopolitan population are typical of any large seaport town in Europe.

Shortly before my arrival in Australia the first rains for many months had fallen on a country parched and devastated with drought. The characteristic optimism of the Australian had been sorely tried. A year or two ago it was estimated there were close on one hundred million sheep in Australia. It is doubtful whether fifty per cent. of this number survived the drought. And it was the same with stock of all kinds. I travelled from Sydney to Melbourne with men who had recently returned from the back blocks of New South Wales. They said the country was full of dead animals. One squatter (in Australia the squatter is the big stock-owner with large estates; the farmer is the small man, farming a few hundred acres) had been spending £3,000 a week on feeding his sheep through a period of twelve weeks. The map of Australia seems to be well provided with rivers, until one realises that for a great part of the year many of them are dry. Year by year the squatter and the farmer are called upon to play a game of chance against the forces of Nature. They stake all on the rain. If they win, they are immensely prosperous. If they lose, they are almost ruined. Bad fortune they take philosophically, knowing that the country has such wonderful powers of recovery, that their luck must soon change. A few weeks of moisture turn a desert into a garden. Even last June after one of the worst droughts on record the people seemed confident that the loss would be completely made good in three years. The newcomer is perhaps struck by the fact that this betting spirit, engendered in the first place by climatic conditions, is a noticeable feature in Australian life. Racing, for instance, could be described as the national sport. The smallest township "out back" has its race course. In the big cities thousands attend the race meetings which

appear to be of almost daily occurrence. More than one keen racing man admitted that considering the size of the population there was too much of this kind of sport. My taxi-driver in Sydney informed me, as if it was nothing out of the ordinary, that he had recently lost three months' savings at the races.

Australia is faced with the same difficulties as many other countries in that her people are flocking into the towns. Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide contain 40%, 48% and 46% respectively of the total population of their states. The population of Australia is about 5,000,000, of whom it is now estimated that close on one million are absorbed by Sydney, about three quarters of a million by Melbourne, and over a quarter of a million by Adelaide. Cut off the south-eastern corner of the continent by drawing a line from Adelaide to Brisbane and in this territory which is 13% of the total area of the Commonwealth live 81% of the total population.

It need hardly be said that this concentration of the people in a comparatively small portion of the continent (due to the fact that it is the area of uniform and winter rains) is the fundamental problem with which Australia is faced. Are the Asiatic races to be excluded from those vast unoccupied territories which it is generally admitted are never likely to be inhabited by Europeans in any large number? For most Australians whom I met the White Australia policy was the answer to this question. The arguments they used in its defence were often expressed with great vehemence, and might be summed up in the following way. In other countries the mixture of races has always caused racial antagonism. It would most certainly do so in Australia and trouble of this kind would react on every part of the Empire where black meets white. There may be bitterness with regard to exclusion, but it is nothing compared with the bitterness which would result from inclusion. The building up of a White Australia is a great opportunity for establishing a free democratic state in a part of the world surrounded by Asiatic races. Further, an Asiatic invasion would lead to lower wages and a lower standard of living.

No sane Australian, however, would deny that the maintenance of the White Australia policy depends on vigorous efforts to attract the right type of immigrant and also on the satisfactory solution of the land problem. With reference to the former, Labour is by no means so hostile to immigration as is commonly supposed. At times of serious unemployment there is naturally strong objection to the indiscriminate flooding of the Labour market, but no eligible British subject who wished to enter Australia has been or ever would be kept out. The next few years may well

see an unprecedented migration from the United Kingdom to every part of the overseas Dominions. Australia will welcome all those of British stock who desire to settle within her borders.

But sufficient land must be provided for these newcomers to settle on, and here we are dealing with one of the burning questions of Australian politics at the present time. In early days when land was plentiful and the settlers scarce, large estates were easily come by. Many of the big Australian sheep stations run into tens of thousands of acres. The size of the station is largely a question of the supply of water and the type of soil. Much of this land is useless for agricultural purposes. But there are large areas nearer civilisation which it is claimed are quite suitable for the small farmer. The object of all land legislation for many years has been to diminish the size of these enormous stations and open up blocks for settlement, the usual methods being compulsory redemption or extremely heavy taxation on the value of unimproved land. Many of the bigger estates which in some cases are in the hands of companies are held on long pastoral leasehold. In Queensland the situation is particularly acute. Recent legislation in that state provides for the revision of rents in such a way that the pastoral tenant will be forced to pay not only largely increased rent in the future but will also be liable to make good what the authorities may consider to have been insufficient rent in the past. Intense bitterness has been created, the strength of which Mr. Theodore, the Labour Premier of Queensland, discovered on his recent visit to England.

The Australian fleet consists of one battle-cruiser (*H.M.A.S. Australia*), several light cruisers and a number of destroyers and submarines. *H.M.A.S. Australia* proved her value during the early months of the war when her long-range guns were a powerful deterrent to any attack by the German squadron cruising in Pacific waters. It would be dangerous for the passing visitor to say what the attitude of the average Australian is towards his fleet. Now that the war is over, and economy the magic word, the question of naval and military defence is no more popular in Australia than in other countries, though it is clear that to a people who inhabit what is little more than the fringe of an immense island continent naval defence can never be a question of academic interest. In Canada, the arrival of the nucleus of a fleet rouses but the mildest interest. Perhaps it is only natural that in the prairie provinces box-cars should loom larger than submarines.

Space forbids even the barest reference to many interesting questions, such as the Labour governments, the universities, the great private schools (one of the outstanding features of the Australian educational system), railways, industry, the tariff and so forth. Everywhere I found the greatest desire to hear about Canada. Many were the questions

I was asked concerning the re-grouping of our political parties, the duties of our provincial lieutenant-governors, our universities, labour problems, prohibition, oil, the Peace River country. In some cases the ignorance about Canada was amazing. It was an intelligent Australian who thought Toronto was in the United States, Alberta a town in Eastern Canada, and the C.P.R. the only railroad in the Dominion. The ignorance of Canadians about Australia is no less great. It was a member of a provincial Legislature in Canada who thought Victoria was the capital of New South Wales and that life in Australia was intolerable owing to tropical heat and the iniquities of Labour.

All roads lead to London, the centre of the Empire. Few link up its circumference. Canadians and Australians met in the villages of France. They did not understand each other then. They do not understand each other now. Nor can they do so, while there is such ignorance on both sides. We need another Rhodes to found inter-Dominion scholarships. We need some system of exchange between the lecturers and junior professors of our universities throughout the English-speaking Dominions and India. Such a scheme was discussed in London in 1912 at the congress of the universities of the Empire and the difficulties, such, for instance, as the difference of the seasons, salaries and so forth, were shown to be by no means insurmountable. Further—and this is surely a far simpler matter—we need a regular and continual interchange between the writers on our leading Canadian journals and those of India, South Africa, New Zealand and Australia.

J. B. BICKERSTETH

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LITERARY COMPETITIONS

A. A prize of five dollars for an essay in 800 words on DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

No contribution of sufficient merit was received and the prize therefore remains unawarded.

B. A prize of five dollars for A METRICAL TRANSLATION of the following sonnet by Felix Arvers:

SONNET

Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère:
Un amour éternel en un moment conçu.
Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire,
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.

Hélas! j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,
Toujours à ses côtés, et pourtant solitaire,
Et j'aurai jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la terre,
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.

Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ait faite douce et tendre,
Elle ira son chemin, distraite, et sans entendre
Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas;

A l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle,
Elle dira, lisant ces vers tout remplis d'elle:
"Quelle est donc cette femme?" et ne comprendra pas.

Seventeen answers to this competition were received, many of the translations being so good that it was difficult to award the prize. The version by J. Addison Reid (44 St. Andrews Gardens, Toronto) was ultimately chosen as the best for the following reasons:

1. It retains the sonnet form of the original, and uses the natural English decasyllabic line throughout.
2. It is a close rendering of the original. Many of the versions submitted could scarcely be called translations.
3. Though a translation, it reads well as an English poem and does not proclaim itself by its style to be a translation.

The Prize Translation

A secret flame is burning in my breast:
The sudden passion of immortal love;

Love without hope, love ever unconfessed,
Unknown, to her who in my heart is wove.

Alas! I shall pass near her unperceived,
Ever alone, though ever by her side;
Naught ever having asked and naught received
Till I go out at last on life's ebb tide.

And she, though God hath made her soft and sweet,
Will go on her unheeding way, nor hear
The whispered love raised by her passing feet;
In sober duties piously sincere,
Will read these lines which round herself did grow;
Will ask: "Who is she?" and will never know.

J. ADDISON REID

The version of Super which appears below is by far the most beautiful poem submitted, but it deserts the sonnet form and there is a lyric note in it which is alien to the colder French original.

My heart enfolds a secret grief,
My life conceals a hurt unguessed.
A moment rooted timeless love
Within my breast.

Hope is denied me, so my part
Has been by silence to atone,
And she to whom I owe my pain
Has never known.

So close to her, yet never seen,
Alone, though ever by her side,
I shall, still voiceless, still unblessed,
Have lived and died.

And she, though Heaven has made her kind,
Will pass unheeding to the close,
Nor hear this whisper of my love
Rise as she goes.

True to harsh duty, on these lines
So full of her, shall but bestow
A calm: "Who is this woman then?"
And will not know.

SUPER

We hope to resume competitions at an early date.

SKETCHING IN ALGOMA

THE morning mists are slowly dispersing round Mongoose Lake as we start off on the day's hunting. Being individualists we mostly go different ways. As there are no roads we can go anywhere.

M— has a predilection for Bald Rock, bald only

because it was once well singed by a fire which roared up the hillside from below, and left a tumbled tangle of charred tree trunks and a few gaunt standing pines to silhouette the sky. From here there was an outlook over range on range of forested hills, red and gold with maple and birch, or dark with patches of spruce

and pine; here and there the sheen of small lakes; and below the long irregular form of Mongoose, singular name. An old trapper in the locality told us all he knew about it was it was a kind of a bird. And here M— spends the day, coming down towards evening with some strange designs of red hills and sinister clouds, and modestly describing his day's work as "two cheeses, and one—well, it may have something in it".

J— decides on the boulder-strewn river which drains Mongoose Lake, now but a shadow of itself, but with signs of its prowess in the shape of trees and logs scattered high along its banks. Now it is a series of rapids and little pools wherein are reflected blobs of vermillion mountain-ash berries, there being a bumper crop this year and many partridge feeding on them.

H— and I, each with a marmalade sandwich in his haversack, started off for some beaver lakes whereon are wondrous compositions if one can untangle and sequester them, for this north country has problems that are not explained in the sketching manuals. Seldom was there found a subject all composed and waiting to be painted; out of a confusion of motives the vital one had to be determined upon. Sketching here demanded a quick decision in composition, an ignoring or summarizing of much of the detail, a searching-out of significant form, and a colour analysis that must never err on the side of timidity. One must know the north country intimately to appreciate the great variety of its forms. The impression of monotony that one receives from a train is soon dissipated when one gets into the bush. To fall into a formula for interpreting it is hardly possible. From sunlight in the hardwoods with bleached violet-white tree trunks against a blaze of red and orange, we wander into the denser spruce and pine woods, where the sunlight filters through—gold and silver splashes—playing with startling vividness on a birch trunk or a patch of green moss. Such a subject would change entirely every ten minutes and, unless the first impression was firmly adhered to, the sketch would end in confusion. Turning from these to the subtle differences in a frieze of pine, spruce, and cedar or the slighter graceful forms of the birch woods, one had to change the method of approach in each case; the first demanded fulness and brilliancy of colour, the second depth and warmth, the next subtlety in design and colour; and these extreme differences we found commingled all through.

We found that our preference for landscape was similar to that of the moose. We both like beaver lakes and meadows. The beaver is responsible for the pastorals of the north country. He is the maker of open spaces, the enlarger and creator of lakes and meadow land. Old beaver lakes silted up were not uncommon, covered with hay and surrounded with

feathery young tamarac separating them from the dense forest which enclosed them. The other makers of open spaces, fire and the lumberjack, had visited the country too, but the beaver was there always, the landscape architect, the engineer, and our country's emblem: his hide is worth fifty dollars.

Among the amusing places we owed to the beaver was Birch Lake, the lake of a thousand drowned birches, which was like a little cup in the hills. When the wind was shut out these birches were all mirrored in it. Its lure was irresistible and the result in a sketch always a jig-saw puzzle. Finally our enthusiasm for it was confined strictly to the medium of talk. Beyond Birch Lake were innumerable beaver dams and lakes; from Mongoose we went in to twenty-three lakes and there were indications of others which we did not get to. Every one of these lakes had beaver dams at its outlet, some in good repair, but many disintegrating where the builders had long ago been cleaned out.

Probably no country has a greater wealth of intimate detail than has the north in the autumn, and no nation has made less use of its own natural forms in decorative design than Canada has in textiles, wall-papers, jewelry, and other branches of applied art. It might be objected that art derived from country that has so little human association is likely to leave the beholder cold, that pattern and colour, however gorgeous, are not monumental qualities. One might, on the other hand, retort that much of our academic painting was mere tradition and reflected nothing typical of Canadian life, that we are going to establish no great traditions by painting oxen ploughing, hoary old English oaks, or muggy Dutch atmosphere.

The younger painter might well go north and work south. After being three weeks in the bush and suddenly coming across the clearing some hardy settler has carved out for himself, he finds that the farm has assumed a new significance; the little settlement places excite wonder; things that were commonplace are so no longer. In Algoma or almost anywhere throughout the north country there is a field of great adventure for the artist. Husky out-of-doors stuff with much joy in the doing of it.

A. Y. JACKSON

Erratic Sonnets of a Pedant A Sequence

I

A LETTER FROM THE PEDANT TO HAZEL ASKING FOR A DRIVE

Create a space of time, morning or night,
This week or next, and take a drive with me!
Soon radiant as your face the moon will be;
And if Old Pluvius plugs his nozzle tight,
I'll show you creeping valleys, crouching hills.

But if it be by moonlight that we go,
You must be wound to talk, talk—ever so—
Talk down the bull-frog's chug, and the whippoorwills,
Or else I'll prove a melancholy fellow;
For all the country out to Miller's Dam
Makes fools of men romantic as I am;
And oh, it's June, when nights are moist and mellow,
And big and early is the moon, and yellow,
And all the winds uncertain as a lamb.

II

THE PEDANT THINKING AFTERWARDS ABOUT THE DRIVE

It is my memory now bewitches me
Like a mumbled spell: the tumbling roll o' the moon,
Skidding the cloud-wrack like a blown balloon,
While we drive on together—just we three;
The gnome-like shadows stalking the tall grass;
The weirder patch-lights shifting in the trees;
The stir and whirr of something ill at ease,
Startled as we drive laughing on and pass;
Your little sister at the echoes hooting,
Mocking the whippoorwill of his sad joy,
Making the bull-frog seem a jolly boy;
While in and out among the shadows scooting,
We clap and chatter on, through broken light,
You, she, and I, that lovely other night.

III

A LETTER FROM THE PEDANT TO HAZEL ASKING FOR ANOTHER DRIVE

This week I have an errand on the tenth
To Miller's Dam, a place not on the maps,
Twelve miles from here, or fifteen miles perhaps.
Past hill and farm I go—Owl Creek's full length—
Where field on field of wheat and oats are green,
Each after its own hue; where Indian corn
Stands an innumerable squad with colours torn:
And woods most cool for loitering lie between.
With eager haste I write to ask you whether
You and your sister—barring rainy weather—
Will drive with me these fifteen miles up north?
There I on Saturday go pricking forth,
A carriage-knight in quest of teaching school.
I start by nine, returning when it's cool.

IV

THE PEDANT TO HAZEL ON THE SAME DAY

Now that is just my luck! Plague take the dice!
While you are sitting on a vine-cooled porch,
Where neither man may come nor sun can scorch,
In maidenly seclusion eating ice,
Bethink yourself of one who travels dusty
Behind a sneezing, shunting, fly-teased horse,

A knight on venture bound, speeding his course,
Burning with heat, with perspiration fusty!
May Pity then reclaim your icy heart,
And thought of my fatigue bring you remorse,
Who might have had in it a comrade's part!
While slowly melts the frappé in your cup,
Think of the luckless knight who whips his horse,
Reiterating still, "Get up! Get up!"

V

THE PEDANT TO HAZEL'S LITTLE SISTER SENDING HER A BOOK

Here is the old, old book I promised you,
With tales of kings and knights and ladies fair:
The knights were always brave to dare and do;
The ladies always lovely with long hair.
In combat knights were bound to die or win;
And ladies dared to swoon who failed to charm;
If any knight were tempted into sin,
You may be sure some lady did him harm.
The king could send a knight on any quest;
Then straight he left his lady, having kissed her,
But wore her favor where they all might see.
When he came back, the Queen would treat him best.
The queens were always stately like your sister;
The kings were never homely runts like me.

VI

THE PEDANT CONVERSING WITH HIMSELF

"Granted I am a fool: 'twill save debate.
I stop at Hazel's, finding welcome there
A man—correctly sitting in a chair—
And liked him not (that's not so strong as hate)
A tall man—mark me—blond and masterful,
A figure of a man, with a deep voice."
"One call, then, makes a man a woman's choice?"
"You dolt! You idiot! Blundering numskull!
Are there not feelings which no words may wed?
Too delicate for any man to say,
At such an hour, on such a night or day,
They shall come straight to the Muse's marriage bed?
Words are but fumbling fingers, prone alway
To tangle up emotion's fine-spun thread."

VII

THE PEDANT THINKING OF HAZEL THE DAY AFTER HER ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

I did not know I loved till yesterday;
Within the fascination of your eye
I trembled glad and dumb, not asking why;
From that charmed area I shrink to-day;
The subtlest sound of you pricks pain in me:
Your clicking footstep coming nearer hurts,



RUNNING HORSE

BY FRED DE LAMORANDIÈRE
(obit., 1920, French River, Ont.)

And all the swishing of your shaking skirts
Starts painful tremors forking endlessly.
Now that I know my mind too late, too late,
Love shines a pinnacled forbidden city
On which some chance has clanged the iron gate.
With too unhurried pace I came to see,
And find myself excluded without pity.
How should the shining city notice me?

VIII

THE PEDANT TO HAZEL AGAIN. A SONNET WHICH SHE
NEVER SAW

If you whom I so love, had not been you,
And I presumably a little queer,
I might yet come and hotly make you hear,
Protesting ardently—"I love you too!"
It shall not be too late for you to choose."
But being what you are—wise, kind, and dear—
I cannot think you duped or insincere;
Nor shall I grieve your heart with what I lose.
If my love must be pain, be yours enjoyed!
Where mine lies wrecked, may yours sail undestroyed!
Without your love I may make shift to live,
Without your guessing what love I could give;
But whether love be missed, or love be won,
You must be still yourself, else love were done.

IX

A LETTER FROM THE PEDANT TO HAZEL'S LITTLE
SISTER. WRITTEN FROM MILLER'S DAM

Write to me often, dear—again and again!
Tell me how ever you manage to like your play;
How you contrive to stay from school for a day;
Tell me what comes in your head—with pencil or pen.
How many fools do you think can live in ten books?
How many wise men die and never are missed?
For every hundred women who never are kissed,
How many bachelors, think you, are single from looks?
Suppose that your sister married and lived far apart,
What would she do, missing you and your pretty
chatter?
What do I do without her and you, for that matter?
What would she do without us, with her man and her
heart?
Answer these questions as wisely as ever you can,
And think of your friend, the lonely old teacher-man.

X

THE PEDANT ALL ALONE AT MILLER'S DAM MANY
MONTHS LATER

The wind swung lashing through the oaks last night,
And by the lightning's momentary day
I saw proud trees thrown into disarray,
Bent down and whipped for all their struggling might.

Beneath their boughs I cowered blown and drenched;
From them to me the sharp rain broke and fell,
As if the trees o'erpowered wept a spell,
Then stood erect—quivering, cleansed, and wrenched.
Stormy at heart, caught in the midnight rain,
Seeing the private grief of noble trees,
I felt my secret spirit-lashings ease;
What men had hoped before, I hoped again:
That passion's whipping tempest might yet cease,
And I all wrenching and quivering, come to peace.

LYON SHARMAN

Canadian Poetry

DESPITE flattering reviews of "excellent and truly Canadian poetry", English Canada fails to produce a distinctive verse of literary value. New volumes appear continually and are, for the most part, as quickly relegated to their deserved limbo. Nothing depresses the Canadian lover of poetry more than these exhibitions of verse making and he soon learns to despair of finding a poet who will picture for him characteristic scenes and people with that sure touch which calls them up, living and vivid, before his mind's eye. Only by the reality of its impression can poetry succeed, and seldom does Canadian poetry achieve reality.

I do not here speak of the French poetry of Quebec, the *habitant* songs of Drummond and others, nor of the unauthored songs of camp and trail. That they have a true and distinctive spirit and poetic merit I am ready to believe, but am unfitted to judge. It is the verses of known and English speaking authors that are so profoundly disappointing that one is tempted to conclude that they are neither poetry nor Canadian. They leave the poetry lover more unmoved the more he delights in their subjects. There is something fundamentally wrong in such poetry.

Nevertheless we have poets of decided, though not of outstanding ability,—Lampman at the head, Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Marjorie Pickthall, and many would name others. Lampman and the Canadians as a whole feel deeply the distinctive beauties of prairie and mountain, bushland and farm, and love their people and their ways. But one sometimes wonders whether they do not "see, not feel, how beautiful they are", so insincere sounds the sincerity of their praise, and so unreal is their description. Even their most personal subjective verses fail to touch the reader home. It is in this insincere, this unconvincing expression that one must seek the fault that destroys our claim to a distinctive poetry.

Lampman is perhaps the truest singer and the most Canadian of our poets. He knew the wide waters and islands of Temagami when it was scarcely heard of in southern Ontario. The silent rivers and the tangled bush of the North filled him with that

sense of beauty which struggles for poetic expression, while many of his poems give us vividly enough pictures of the exceeding heat and cold, drought and storm, and the changing labours of Ontario farm life. They call up the mental vision, but from a prolonged reading of his poetry we turn away disheartened. His expression is continually marred by words and phrases which recall customs and scenes as foreign to us as are the subjects of his "classical" verses. For instance, the really fine poem "In November" has these lines on the dead mulleins in a typical bush clearing:

"Not plants at all they seemed to me,
But rather some spare company
Of hermit folk, . . ."

The one word "hermit" destroys the unity of impression of the poem. It is expressive of medieval Europe, but in Canada there "ain't no such animile." This criticism may sound petty and cavilling, but the use of such words demonstrates that Canadians have not a sure native touch in their expression. Had there existed a sound tradition when Lampman began to write, or had he been great enough to found and follow scrupulously one of his own, he might have achieved much. As it was he found no well worn road for his guidance and no Burns has arisen to deepen and correct the path left by this straying Ferguson.

If this false Canadianism is true of Lampman, it is much more depressingly so of others. In a short essay there is no room for discussion author by author, but *The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse*, our best anthology, may be taken as a fair representation of Canadian verse. Its introduction announces as the standard of selection truly Canadian verse of high literary quality. Yet, though the majority of its 251 poems deal with Canadian themes, a half-dozen at most give delight over familiar things revivified by the writer's insight. The rest are for the most part heavy, solemn, and sometimes drearily Shelleyesque. One asks for bread here and receives a stone.

Take "The Whitethroat" for instance. No bird-song is sweeter or more characteristic of our southern spring and northern summer than that of this little sparrow. You may hear his sad and lonely call any evening in the Georgian Bay, ringing out from some pine-darkened channel among the islands, and to many he is the very voice of the North. Here is what Theodore Harding Rand does with him:

"Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,
That cleave our northern air so clear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
I listen, I hear:
'I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada.'

O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
The copse is all astir,
And echoes thy part! . . ."

And so on. No picture of the silent Northland will arise at this. Take also "The Canadian Herd Boy". As a youngster I have fetched the cows from the river bank through bush and rail-fenced fields but find nothing familiar or real in Mrs. Moodie's verses except one word, "Cobos", a somewhat unhappy member of this Scott-like poem.

To repeat, there is nothing more Canadian than these subjects and nothing less Canadian than their treatment. The same is true of the great mass of our poetry. The truth is there is scarcely material for a pretentious Canadian anthology. If a new one of any worth is printed it must be extremely small and exclusive, including perhaps only fifty poems. Everything, however, is to be gained by waiting till there is a larger body of writers and a higher standard of work.

The cause of unreality in Canadian verse is not far to seek, though its cure may not be so simple. Lampman gives us the key to the weakness of the rest. His finest verses often failed through a false or exotic expression. Those who followed him, far from avoiding his error, have in many cases exaggerated it grossly. It is scarcely necessary to mention the authors of *Scottish Canadian Poets*. Despite the theory that the Canadian is more akin in his sentiments to the Scot than to the Englishman it is obvious to the most casual reader that these verses are neither Scottish nor Canadian in sentiment or expression. They serve, however, to point the faults of authors writing in English. These might with equal justice be called English-Canadian poets and likewise their work is neither English nor Canadian. Such expressions as "bosky dell" and "grove" are as foreign to us as are "corrie" and "shaw" and yet expressions such as these, descriptive of typically English scenery are the stock in trade of our poets. For the most part they ignore the native for English expressions, and those by no means the purest and most universal.

This outland phraseology is all the more obvious because we seem to set ourselves almost consciously to write on native subjects. One almost expects to find "Made in Canada" on the last page so direct and obvious is the treatment. But one looks in vain for that loving familiarity by which British writers take the distinctive characteristics of their countrysides in the stride their poems. A strange corollary of this is found in our subjective poems. The charm of a vast number of English lyrics of this nature can be traced to the well-nigh unconscious use of familiar, almost local, sights or sounds to interpret the mood. Such a deep knowledge of Canadian life does not seem as yet to run deeply and unconsciously through the being of our poets and their work is the loser by much charm and simplicity, and above all by that reality and concrete value without which no school can prosper for long.

We come to the conclusion of all this unpleasant

fault-finding. Before a poetry can achieve universality it must paradoxically attain nationality. All countries producing great poetry have left their indelible stamp upon it and Canada as yet is content to derive her forms and expression from England. I do not infer that there should or can be any drastic break with English literary traditions; our language is basically the same and the example of those who are most akin to us must be our safest guide. Yet, if we are to produce poetry of any value, we must shun derivative expression and sentiment as we would the devil and follow our characteristic bent as eagerly as we are learning to do in other spheres. We have our own expressions and names for the features of the countryside ("bush" is as poetic as "grove") and above all we have a characteristic spirit. We must learn to use and purify them, and develop a native tradition, or die to literature.

HUNTLY K. GORDON

The Pervert

COME in, come in, brother Horbuck, we've all been wondering what could have kept you!"

"Ah, you may well wonder, Sister Byfield! We are put to shame, the enemies of the Lord will blaspheme. I am overwhelmed with grief." "Why, what ever can have happened, dear brother, and where is brother Wilton? We expected him to arrive with you." Mr. Thomas Horbuck answered with a heavy inarticulate sound, half sigh, half snort, as he slowly took off his coat and hat, hung them up in the tiny dark hall, and followed Mrs. Byfield into her little front parlor.

About twenty people of varying age were uncomfortably wedged into a room which would hardly hold half that number. Large framed texts hung round the walls, and the only spot of colour was furnished by an oleograph representing the tabernacle in the wilderness, with rows of immaculately white tents symmetrically arranged round a brilliant purple oblong box, upon which rested a bright yellow funnel-shaped cloud reaching up to a sky of electric blue. The room was too full of people for any furniture to show itself, except a small round table covered with a red table cloth on which a row of bibles and hymn books were ranged expectantly. Two empty chairs stood at the window end of the room.

Mrs. Byfield, her pleasant round face artificially lengthened, stood at the door agape, while Mr. Horbuck with sighs and groans slowly inserted his bulky form into the little room and finally subsided on to one of the empty chairs. There was a ripple of subdued excitement as he buried his head in his hands. Every one present felt that some revelation, some delicious spiritual sensation, was about to break the even tenor of the religious life of their little com-

munity. The silence grew oppressive, portentous. The kitchen clock ticked loudly, and Mrs. Byfield breathed heavily in suspense.

At last Mr. Thomas Horbuck raised his head. He cleared his throat with a grating sound, opened his grim straight mouth and shut it, as his face worked strongly. Then it came slowly, reluctantly, gathering force as he went on—

"I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it myself. Such a gifted young brother, so unspotted from the world. I saw a future of usefulness before him; he would have been a chosen vessel, an instrument in the Lord's hands to carry the truth far and wide. Now the dog has returned to his vomit, the sow that was washed to its wallowings in the mire. He is in the Lord's hands, the Lord will judge him!"

His voice rose harshly, and a thrill of pleasant horror shook his little audience.

"Yes, it is a solemn warning to you all; flee from idolatry. Henceforth Mr. Wilton, I may no longer say 'brother', is to us as a heathen man and a publican. It will be our sorrowful duty to deliver him over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh. I will lay the sad details before you, after which we must take action.

"He was so confident, self-confident I fear, that instead of staying in my house where he would have been safe, he insisted on putting up at the Cruikshanks who as you all know left the one divine ground of the Church of God some years ago, joined that Laodicean thing called the Anglican Church, and plunged into worldliness, rationalism, and infidelity."

He thundered the last words so that the texts shook on the walls. His hearers waited breathlessly for further depths.

"'Yes,' he said to me, 'brother Horbuck, I may have a message for them. I may be used to restore them'. It was spiritual pride. For a young brother, however gifted, to think that he could succeed where one so much older, so much wiser in the Lord's ways had failed!

"So he went. I arranged to call for him and bring him to our meeting to-night, where he was to tell us all about the wonderful things the Lord had done by him in Patagonia. I was uneasy in my mind and prayed about him at my work all day. That verse kept running through my head, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall'. About half-past seven I put on my things and walked round to the Cruickshank's house. The windows were all lit up and I could hear music going. My heart sank as I knocked. Mr. Cruikshank opened the door. When he saw me he gave a sickly smile and said 'Won't you come in Mr. Horbuck?' and put out his hand. I put my hands behind my back and said to him straight, the Lord giving me grace to be faithful, 'I can't cross your threshold, Mr. Cruikshank, lest I become a partaker in your evil ways'. Meanwhile

the music was going on very loud, and I could hear feet going and women's voices talking and laughing.

Then I said, 'Where is brother Wilton, I have come for him'. I had hardly spoken the words when the young man himself came through the door—I don't know how to tell you, but I must tell you all—he came dancing, the Lord's servant, dancing, with a woman draped over him, her arms and neck all bare, and her head touching his shoulder. He didn't see me, but I lifted up my voice and cried, 'Brother Wilton, come out from among them, be separate, touch not the unclean thing!' The music stopped suddenly and a lot of people came out into the hall to see what had happened. Mr. Cruickshank tried to pull me in and said 'For God's sake come inside, don't make a scene in the street!' But I shook him off and faced brother Wilton who stood looking all confused and ashamed. I said to him very solemnly, 'Brother Wilton, the wrath of God abideth on this house, escape for thy life, flee as a bird from the snare'.

One of the girls sniggered and I turned to the poor painted things and testified—"the day is at hand when you will call on the mountain and the rocks to hide you from the wrath of the Lamb". Then the young man Wilton stepped forward, rather white and shaking but evidently firm in his sin, and he said, 'Mr. Horbuck, it's no good, you had better go. The cage is broken and I have found my liberty. You have shut all joy and beauty and mirth out of your little narrow world, you have made a God in your own image, narrow, and jealous and cruel'—

"I cried 'Blasphemy'—but he overbore me with that piercing voice of his—"Go your way, Thomas Horbuck, blind leader of poor blinded souls. Live your narrow life, let the dead bury their dead, you shall never see me more!"

As he spoke Cruickshank shut the door and I heard the music start up again and the laughter and the beat of the feet on the road to hell."

Horbuck's voice sank into a hollow murmur, and his audience swayed responsively. It was a night to be remembered.

THE GARGOYLE

A London Letter

Is there any Canadian living who, on his first visit to London, has not at once sought out the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, sat in Dr. Johnson's chair and partaken of the world-renowned beef-steak pudding? It wouldn't be "coming home to the Old Country" without this pious pilgrimage.

Strangely enough, however, although Samuel Johnson's haunts are so much sought after, the house where he lived in Gough Square has come in for comparatively little notice. Indeed, it has only recently been rescued from total demolition and presented to the

Nation by the generosity and enterprise of a member of the Harmsworth family.

The house, No. 17, a fine Georgian building, is hidden away in a quiet backwater, within a stone's throw of the Cheshire Cheese. Its original atmosphere is retained as far as possible, and the quaint old panelled rooms, with deep window seats, are a delight and most conducive to the leisurely study of the Johnson relics collected there.

Could the Doctor look down, how would he express himself as to the "Quill Club" which holds its meetings in his old home? The members must indeed require to have a "guid conceit" in themselves, for their contributions are read aloud before the assemblage, and the criticism by all and sundry is painful and frequent and free. To sit quietly by while the author's most cherished plots and phrases are torn to ribbons, must indeed require a rare courage. Even Dr. Johnson himself might have been at a loss for adequate words under such circumstances.

* * * * *

London has been enjoying an orgy of "Bargain Sales" since the New Year opened. Streets and shops are more crowded than ever and the "strap-hanging habit" might be resorted to with advantage in some of the large stores in the West End.

Is it really possible to obtain such wonderful bargains at these times? Yes, undoubtedly, given a well-lined purse, unlimited time and indomitable patience. But for the hard-worked business man or woman, with small means, less time, whose requirements are present necessities and not merely future possibilities, a sale is apt to prove a snare and a delusion, quite apart from the risk of being torn limb from limb by the inveterate bargain hunter.

* * * * *

What worlds apart are the "Bargain Basement" and the British Museum! There—confusion worse confounded; here—the peace which passeth understanding.

The Museum must surely be the greatest haven of rest the scholar possesses. Within its walls it seems impossible not to ask: Has there been a Great War? Are we facing the greatest struggle for existence and general upheaval since the world began?

Directly the great gates of the Museum forecourt are entered, peace seems to reign. Children play around, and pigeons come for food at the tiniest signal. They have no fear of the gentle folk who daily wend their way into the great shrine of rest and quietude.

What a delight the Reading Room, with its miles upon miles of books and absolute silence. The same faces appear day by day, indeed it is almost possible to tell the hour by glancing around at the *habitués*, who spend the greater part of their lives browsing at leisure in the tomes they love so well.

It is strange how little Londoners really know about

the glorious treasures hidden away in the Museum, and how few have ever been in the Print Room. Is it a question of the same old story of not appreciating a thing until it is lost?

* * * * *

The pantomime season is rapidly drawing to a close. There are many rumours of new attractions at the different theatres, although so far not many of them have materialised.

Of the stayers, a word of praise may well be given to *The Wandering Jew*, which still thrills audiences at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Here, the outstanding features are the reverent way in which the play is produced, and Matheson Lang's marvellous depiction of the growth of the Jew's soul. The portrayal is such that memories of it linger for days, inciting the intense desire to witness it again, so as to be able to watch and revel in every detail of that soul's development.

* * * * *

A spell of mild weather is now making life a pleasure; the sun is shining and all the world is gay with the promise of spring.

Gulls are hovering over the bridges, or poised upon the ledges, waiting for the fish or bread some kindly passer-by is sure to give them. They come up the Thames in the cold season, but are in no hurry to depart. They sail gracefully around Westminster and right up into the heart of the City, the tameness of these very timid birds being one of the most attractive features of winter life in London.

Here is a suggestion for an interesting book for the studiously inclined: *Unknown London*, by Walter George Bell (John Lane, The Bodley Head).

It is delightfully written and can be safely recommended for anyone with a love of the Old Country, or better still such a one as has been "got" by London and still hankers after its strange, grey, unfathomable, but nevertheless inimitable, fascination and charm.

London, January 21st, 1921. ANNE NEWBOLD.

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In your January issue appears a review by Professor James Mavor of Margot Asquith's *Autobiography*. "Interesting as the Autobiography is", says Professor Mavor, "it is clear that the real *bonne bouche* is the Diary". After quoting several favourable opinions of this yet unpublished document, Professor Mavor continues: "Henry James is even more enthusiastic: 'It is a wonderful book. If only *messieurs les romanciers* could photograph experience in their fiction as she has done in some of her pages! The episode of Pachay, short as that is, is masterly—above the reach of Balzac; how far above the laborious beetle flight of Henry James! Above even George Meredith. It is what Henry James would give his right hand to do at once. The episode of Antonelli is very good too, but not so exquisite as the other'."

Undisturbed by the obvious confusion in this quotation, the reviewer makes the following comment: "Unfortunately neither of these marvels appears in the present volume. Perhaps they are too intimately real to appear in cold print."

Professor Mavor's natural desire to explore "these marvels" may be instantly gratified. He has only to turn to the *Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff* where the

"episode of Pachay" and the "episode of Antonelli" have been "in cold print" for thirty years.

It was, by the way, not Henry James, but John Addington Symonds, who wrote to Mrs. Asquith the words quoted above. Henry James would hardly have regarded his own work as "a beetle flight".

Yours, etc.,

E. K. BROADUS

[I have to thank Mr. Broadus for pointing out to me that I had made an error in quoting from a letter of J. A. Symonds and attributing the passage to Henry James. The fact is that in the haste of composition I took the passage from page 67 of Mrs. Asquith's memoirs when I intended to take one from pages 70-71. My reference to Pachay and Antonelli is very obvious. I supposed, wrongly of course as my supposition followed upon the mistaken attribution, that Mrs. Asquith had used these incidents as in her sprightly way she might have used the story of Moses in the Bulrushes. My errors do not in the least affect the main point of the portion of my article in which they occur which is that Mrs. Asquith's Diary had fascinated a number of extremely competent judges of literature. I cannot plead guilty of ignorance of Marie Bashkirtseff's Diary. This book was published in Paris in 1887. I read it immediately afterwards and in July 1890 I published in a magazine of which at the time I was editor, an article upon her by my friend Havelock Ellis. Since this article was one of the earliest relating to her in any English periodical I may fairly claim to have had a slight share in introducing her to the English reading public.

JAMES MAVOR.]

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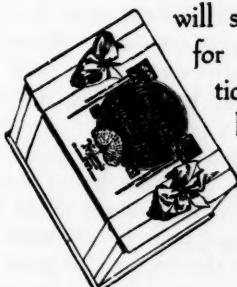
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Professor Mavor's natural desire to explore "these marvels" may be instantly gratified. He has only to turn to the *Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff* where the

"episode of Pachay" and the "episode of Antonelli" have been "in cold print" for thirty years.

It was, by the way, not Henry James, but John Addington Symonds, who wrote to Mrs. Asquith the words quoted above. Henry James would hardly have regarded his own work as "a beetle flight".

Yours, etc.,

E. K. BROADUS

[I have to thank Mr. Broadus for pointing out to me that I had made an error in quoting from a letter of J. A. Symonds and attributing the passage to Henry James. The fact is that in the haste of composition I took the passage from page 67 of Mrs. Asquith's memoirs when I intended to take one from pages 70-71. My reference to Pachay and Antonelli is very obvious. I supposed, wrongly of course as my supposition followed upon the mistaken attribution, that Mrs. Asquith had used these incidents as in her sprightly way she might have used the story of Moses in the Bulrushes. My errors do not in the least affect the main point of the portion of my article in which they occur which is that Mrs. Asquith's Diary had fascinated a number of extremely competent judges of literature. I cannot plead guilty of ignorance of Marie Bashkirtseff's Diary. This book was published in Paris in 1887. I read it immediately afterwards and in July 1890 I published in a magazine of which at the time I was editor, an article upon her by my friend Havelock Ellis. Since this article was one of the earliest relating to her in any English periodical I may fairly claim to have had a slight share in introducing her to the English reading public.

JAMES MAVOR.]



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BOOK REVIEWS

The Song of Life and Other Poems, by W. H. Davies (Fifield, 5/-). In the title poem of this latest volume of his the poet talks frankly about his life and philosophy. He knows where the complacent opinion of most of his readers would put him and writes

I hear men say: "This Davies has no depth,
He writes of birds, of staring cows and sheep,

And throws no light on deep eternal things—"

Indeed most of his readers are tempted to place him at first among the poets of innocence and childhood, but they have to relinquish that view of him sooner or later. In "The Truth" he wonders why the robin sings so sweetly on the bough. Is it love or love of song or what? Then he remembers seeing a bird once with its head half pecked off and concludes

Ah, now there comes this thought unkind,
Born of the knowledge in my mind:
He sings in triumph that last night
He killed his father in a fight;
And now he'll take his mother's blood—
The last strong rival for his food.

There is little in our every-day morality that this rural anarchist leaves unassailed. Even the two supreme virtues of cleanliness and godliness mean little to him. In "You interfering ladies" he admonishes the reformer with

Let boys and girls kiss here and there,
Men drink and smoke the strongest weed;
Let beggars who'll not wash with soap,
Enjoy their scratching till they bleed:
Let all poor women, if they please,
Enjoy a pinch of snuff, and sneeze.

One more quotation may complete the picture, again from "The Song of Life",

"Ah", says the Priest, we're born to suffer here
A hell on earth till God's Almighty Hour".
A hell on earth? . . . We'll ask the merry Moth
That, making a partner of his shadow thrown,
Dances till out of breath; we'll ask the Lark
That meets the rain half-way and sings it down.

Davies is not so much a pastoral poet as one of those hedonistic vagabonds that keep fresh the spiritual life of the English. They are devoid of civic virtue. But without them their nation would die. For while those of robes and uniforms are busy defending and battening on the acorns that grow on the Imperial oaktree, these are busy at its roots, cleaning them daily from all foulness and rottenness. No country can keep its health without the salt of spiritual vagrancy. This might well be a matter for reflection as we plod homewards with furtive sobriety past the drawn window curtains of our neighbours.

Have we a sufficient number of hedonists in the country? If not, can we breed them or must we import? This is the point to which our pastoral poet leads us.

B. F.

The Golden Book of Springfield, by Vachel Lindsay (Macmillan Co. \$4.00). Readers of O. Henry will remember the shock which Mr. Rushmore Coghlan gave to the diners in a certain cafe when after boasting that he was a Citizen of the World, with interests too large to centre themselves in little places like London and New York, he began to break crockery while upholding the honour of a strange little village in the Middle West. In *The Golden Book of Springfield*, Mr. Vachel Lindsay treats his followers to a shock not much less disconcerting. He found himself as a Poet of the Open Road. All who have loved the open road were drawn to him. They have in imagination seen him wandering from town to town chanting exuberantly his songs of out-of-doors. It is true that from time to time his fancy has returned to his home in Illinois when he

"Saw wild domes and bowers
And smoking incense towers
And mad exotic flowers
In Illinois."

But Springfield seemed rather his *pied à terre* than his enduring home. In *The Golden Book* he has returned to Springfield for his inspiration.

Mr. Lindsay writes with all his old vivacity and with an intimacy which disdains to waste time in explaining details, assuming that the reader knows and is ready to love Springfield as he does. He writes, after generations of oblivion, of the Springfield of 2018. To the reviewer, who has never seen Springfield, but who presumes to judge it by other middle western towns, it seems that "*plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*"; for the Springfield of 2018 is one which has certain features familiar to this generation. Indeed we should have thought that more than one of these features would have failed to please the Vachel Lindsay of 1918. But the Vachel Lindsay of a century to come has an infinite tolerance of things in themselves provincial and tiresome on occasion. Whether he is capable of the flights which we have admired in the Lindsay of 1918, some of his readers will hesitate to admit.

It is because of his qualities, and not in spite of them, that we hope he will turn rover. We should like to think that before he writes his next book, Mr. Vachel Lindsay will have found his way back to the Road to Nowhere. His public is a larger one than the

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population of his birth place, and it will look forward with interest to the day when the singer turns beggar once again.

G. E. J.

Main Street, by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace and Howe, \$2.00). Intimacy rather than reticence is characteristic of modern fiction. Your author generally knows the hero, or more usually the heroine, with an inner completeness which one commonly associates with divine knowledge. There are three methods which recent fiction inclines to follow with varying success. The author may sit aloof and detached upon Olympian heights and from that eminence with carefree magnificence of design draw out for you the career of the hero and his collaterals from the cradle to the grave to the third and fourth generations. Or he may with Protean versatility enter successfully into the hero's butler, tailor, fiancé and grandmother, and from these peepholes describe and analyse his subject's manner of disposing of his morning coffee. Or, with still more magic cunning, he may get inside his subject's skin completely and illustrate for you with life-like vividness what he feels like as he cleans his teeth or undergoes an operation for appendicitis. It is unfashionable and romantic to have a plot. Nothing of a catastrophic nature should happen. The book should close upon an unfinished emotion. Then, if it should be a success financially, the emotion can be resumed where it left off.

But all this without prejudice, as Mr. Guppy would say. *Main Street* hovers between Arnold Bennett and Dorothy Richardson, but nevertheless succeeds in capturing a jaded reviewer's interest by a very sincere and carefully wrought picture of a small American Middle-West "city" of three thousand odd inhabitants. It is dedicated to Mr. Cavell and Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, and while it shows no debt to the former's imaginative élan, it does unmistakeably claim kinship with Mr. Hergesheimer's very careful and artistic work. To my mind Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer's work is the most distinguished and noteworthy achievement of modern American fiction, and the author of *Main Street* has no cause to be ashamed in dedicating his book to the author of *Linda Condon*.

S. H. H.

The Orange-Yellow Diamond, by J. S. Fletcher (Macmillan Co.). As a rule, like many other simple-minded people, too few, alas, now in this wide world, I look at the end of a novel to see whether I shall need a pick-me-up or a purgative when I have finished it. But every rule has an exception, and detective stories are the exception to this excellent rule of mine.

I have always felt that anyone who would deliberately look at the end of a detective story cannot be really nice, cannot have developed sense of honour.

Indeed, I would make it an indictable offence to do this thing, for I am sure it is lowering the standard of modern detective stories.

The present story supports my contention, for I am morally certain that the author's tone has been lowered, his nerve seriously shaken, by criminal assault's on the ends of previous stories of his. This appears from the fact that the author has so contrived the end as to baffle criminals of this type. Now in such a case the innocent and honourable suffer for the guilty. For when I, after honourably reading straight through this excellent four-mover, arrived at the end expecting to find my intelligent anticipation confirmed as usual, I found instead the author standing with his thumb applied to his nose, practically saying to me—"You thought you knew who committed the murder, well, go and hang yourself!" I protest against such treatment. I am still in the dark as to who committed the murder. I shall write to *The Times* about it. This sort of thing encourages crime.

S. H. H.

The Poems of Robert Burns, edited by James L. Hughes (Ryerson Press, Toronto, \$3.00). This book has a feature which will recommend it to the lover of Burns. There are a hundred or more excellent photographs with full explanatory notes which admirably illustrate Burns' haunts and the subjects of many poems. (In passing I may note a curious error in one of the notes. Dr. Hughes claims Highland Mary for the household of Gavin Hamilton in Mauchline, while Eyre-Todd and other authorities, not to mention local tradition, name her as a domestic in Coilsfield House, Tarbolton—"the Castle o' Montgomery").

But the value of the work as a new edition of the Poems is not so apparent. In the absence of the poet's explicit directions for exclusion the only adequate edition is a complete one. Dr. Hughes has made a choice to represent four aspects of Burns' work: Poems Relating to the Ayr and Alloway Districts, Religious and Ethical Poems, Poems of Democracy and Brotherhood, and Love Songs. His method has eliminated, among others, "Holy Fair", "The Jolly Beggars", and "Holy Willie's Prayer", and included such inferior verses as "Handsome Nell". His aim to secure "a wider reading and study of the universal poems of Burns, especially by young people", will hardly be affected by such a partial selection. Burns is too great a figure for the straitwaistcoats of didactics and formulae.

H. K. G.



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| | Nov. 1920 | Dec. 1920 | Jan. 1921 | Feb. 1921 | Feb. 1920 |
|---|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Wholesale Prices ¹ (Michell) | 233.1 | 221.6 | 212.6 | 198.7 | 281.2 |
| Family Budget..... (Labour Gazette) | \$26.13 | \$25.67 | \$25.30 | | \$24.64 |
| Volume of Employment ² (Employment Service of Canada) | 104.3 | 99.0 | 90.5 | 89.0 | 101.4 |
| Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities ³ (Michell) | 108.4 | 106.7 | 109.9 | 110.3 | 122.9 |

¹Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

²Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

³The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE prices of standard Canadian securities have lately been well maintained, despite a fresh decline in commodity prices, and the persistence of widespread unemployment. This may mean merely that sober investors consider the changes in commodity prices fully discounted, by the 20% shrinkage in the price of stocks, which occurred during 1920. Or it may be taken as a sign of growing confidence; of a belief that five or six months hence the loudly heralded "revival of business" will be well under way.

The fall in commodity prices, which still continues, is difficult to measure exactly. No two authorities in any one country can be found in agreement. Their differences proceed, not as a rule from any disagreement over method, but from a concentration on certain special groups of commodities. One authority concerns himself mainly with the price of foods; another with that of raw materials; still another with that of manufactured goods. One is chiefly concerned with metals, another with textiles, and so on. But by studying the mean of a number of separate estimates, we may hope to neutralize the bias affecting individuals.

A comparison of this kind between Canada and the United States can be carried to the close of 1920. The Canadian figure is a mean between those of the Labour Gazette and Professor Michell; the American, a mean between those of the Bureau of Labour statistics, the Annalist, Gibson, Bradstreet, and Dun.

WHOLESALE PRICES

| | Highest point in 1920 | Jan. 1921. |
|-------------|-----------------------|------------|
| Canada..... | 100 | 75 |
| U.S.A..... | 100 | 63 |

From this it appears that the readjustment of last season may have been somewhat more complete in the United States than in this country.

The difference between the two countries though small is really quite surprising. Canada has an even closer interest in agriculture than her neighbour, and the fall in the price of farm products has been phenomenal. The Department of Labour reports a fall of 32% in the wholesale price of our foodstuffs during 1920. The average of all its other quotations shows

a fall of only 12%, for the heavy decline in hides was to some extent offset by continued high prices for tobacco, liquors, house furnishings, implements, and some other goods. An explanation should be forthcoming.

The National City Bank of New York, in its monthly Letter of December last, stated that "The farming population (sc. American) has suffered a loss of purchasing power amounting to between 30 and 40 per cent., or \$6,000,000,000 to \$8,000,000,000 as compared with last year." In January, 1921, our own Dominion Bureau of Statistics estimated the value of Canadian field products in 1920 at \$1,455,000,000, as compared with \$1,452,000,000 in 1919. In other words, the Canadian field crops of last season were so large as to offset almost exactly the fall in selling prices which our farmers had to meet. The contrast is striking; for if these estimates are accurate (and their authority has not been questioned) the American farming community suffered a loss of income last year, four or five times as great as the total product of our soil.

There is a good deal of hardship in the cities, as there must always be when many workers are unemployed. The city dweller is altogether unable at present to spend on the same scale as formerly; and yet, if foodstuffs are omitted, the decline in prices seems to have been relatively small in Canada. Can we find the reason for this, in the unimpaired purchasing power of our farmers?

If the fall of prices in Canada has indeed failed to keep pace with the fall elsewhere, and if the Canadian farmer is the buttress on which present prices are resting, a sober conclusion is suggested. American industries suffering from depression may already be trying to sell to the farmers of Canada, the goods that American farmers can no longer buy. If it lasts, the rise in New York exchange will doubtless help them. Competition may become even keener; and those producers who have maintained their prices, or at least avoided a serious decline may have to choose between continued idleness, and further price reductions.

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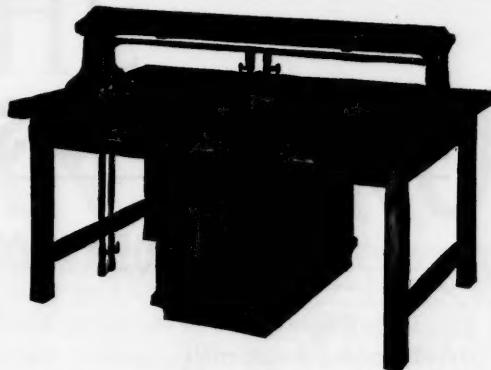
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